

MARVEL
COMICS



DAREDEVIL

THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!

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306
JULY
UK 85p

APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

THE SURGEON
GENERAL HAS
D.D. AND SPIDEY
JUST WHERE SHE
WANTS THEM...



30TH
ANNIVERSARY
1962 - 1992



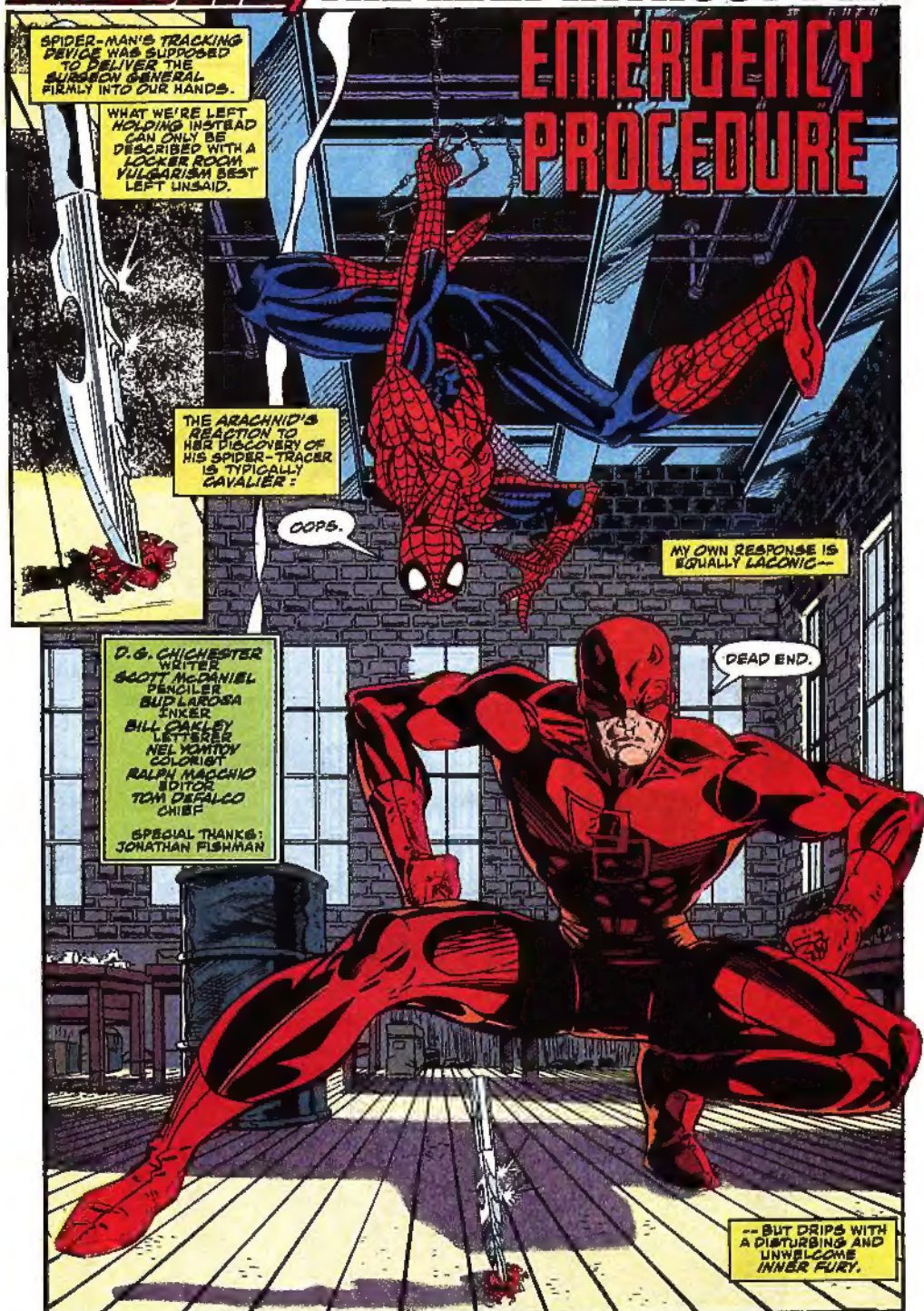
THE AMAZING
SPIDER-MAN

...IN CRITICAL CONDITION!

A CHILDHOOD ACCIDENT STOLE HIS SIGHT, BUT, INCREDIBLY, IT ENDOWED YOUNG MATT MURDOCK WITH RADAR VISION AND HEIGHTENED SENSES. ARMED ONLY WITH HIS ATHLETIC PROWESS, BILLY CLUB, AND INDOMITABLE COURAGE, MATT BATTLES INJUSTICE AS A CRIMSON-CLAD GLADIATOR!

Stan Lee
Presents:

DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!



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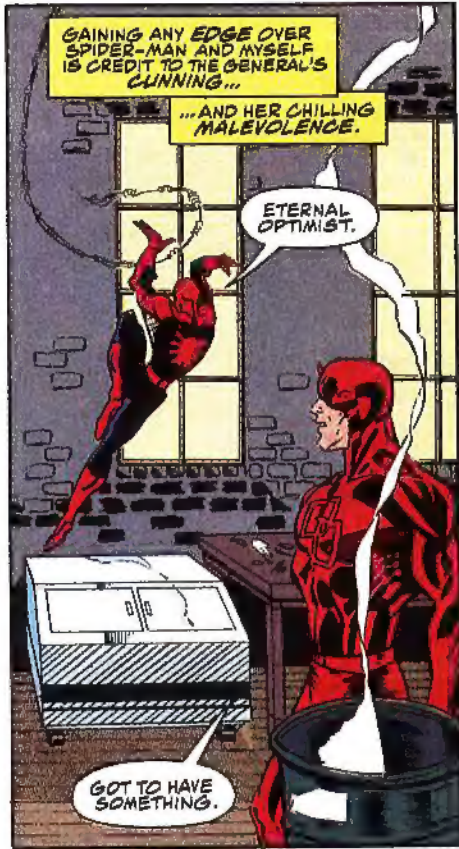


I BLAME SURGEON GENERAL'S HUMAN ORGAN BLACK MARKET FOR THIS GROWING MALIGNANCY WITHIN--

--AND I MEAN TO SEE HER ANSWER FOR IT.

CLEARED OUT PRETTY GOOD.

LET'S HOPE NOT.

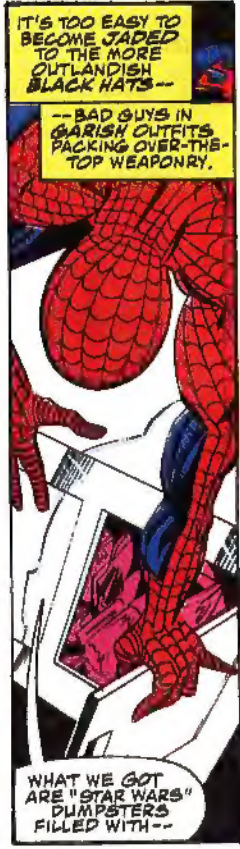


GAINING ANY EDGE OVER SPIDER-MAN AND MYSELF IS CREDIT TO THE GENERAL'S CUNNING...

...AND HER CHILLING MALEVOLENCE.

ETERNAL OPTIMIST.

GOT TO HAVE SOMETHING.



IT'S TOO EASY TO BECOME JADE TO THE MORE OUTLANDISH BLACK HATS--

--BAD GUYS IN GARISH OUTFITS PACKING OVER-THE-TOP WEAPONRY.

WHAT WE GOT ARE "STAR WARS" DUPLICATORS FILLED WITH--



--GYLUCK! THE CULT CLASSIC, "I LOST MY LUNCH TO A HEFTY CINCH SACK!"

YEAH, TRENDSETTING GARBAGE BAGS!

RED PLASTIC?

LOSING SIGHT OF THE FACT THAT WHO IT IS SUFFERS MOST FROM THEIR SELF-SERVING ACTIONS ARE ORDINARY PEOPLE--

--MEN AND WOMEN IN KNOCKOFF NIKE SWEATSHIRTS CARRYING NOTHING MORE THREATENING THAN UNBALANCED CHECKBOOKS.

MEDICAL WASTE, SPIDEY-- HUMAN.

SURGEON GENERAL'S BLOOD-LETTING IS A GRIM REMINDER OF THAT ALL-IMPORTANT TRUTH--



--SHOCKING ENOUGH TO HAVE GIVEN HER THE ELEMENT OF SURPRISE OVER US "SEASONED VETERANS"--

MORE OF THE GENERAL'S TRAILINGS.

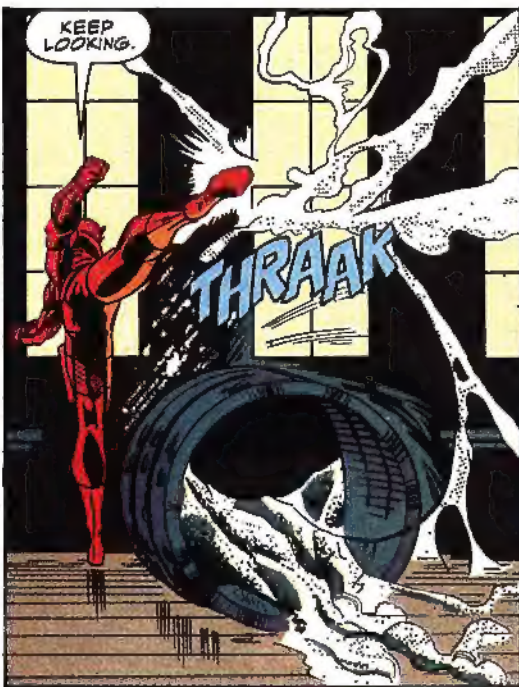
CHARMING.

KLANG



--VICIOUS ENOUGH TO DEMAND AN EXACTING RETRIBUTION.

BRIGHT IDEAS, RED?



KEEP
LOOKING.

THRAAK



GOTTA
LOVE A MAN
WITH SUCH
SINGLE-
MINDED
OBSES-
SION.



I CAN DO THIS AT
HOME, YOU KNOW...
MARY JANE MAKES
ME TAKE OUT THE
TRASH THERE,
TOO!



YOU
CLEAN, I
COOK.

THE GLOVE
USUALLY
DOESN'T
GET IN THE
WAY OF
WHAT MY
FINGERTIPS
CAN FEEL...



KNOCK
YOURSELF
OUT.



SMOOTH FABRIC AMONG THE
BRITTLE, WARM FLAKES OF
EVIDENCE CHARRED ALMOST
TO NOTHING.



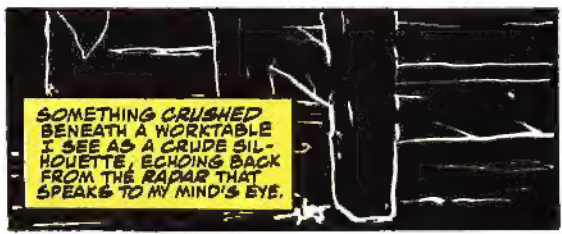
HEY... REMEMBER ME?

YOU GET
YOUR TURN SOON
ENOUGH...

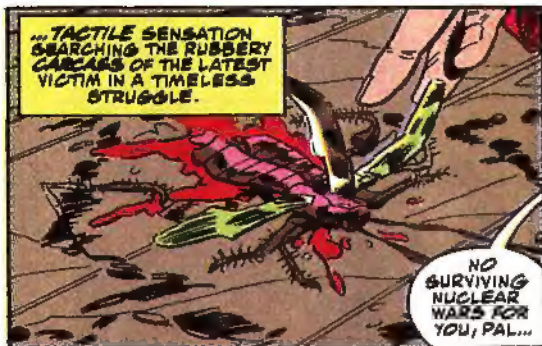
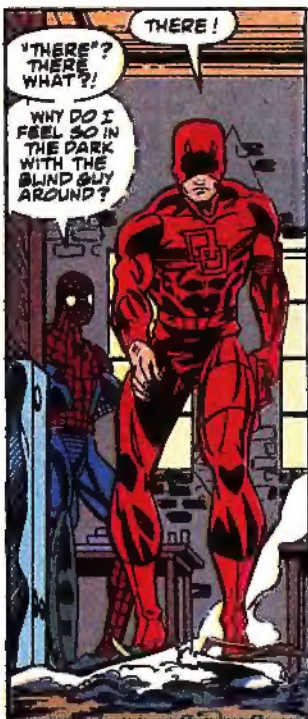
STRAND OF SILK,
SOAKED IN A MIX
OF EXPENSIVE
PERFUME AND
SEWER REEK.

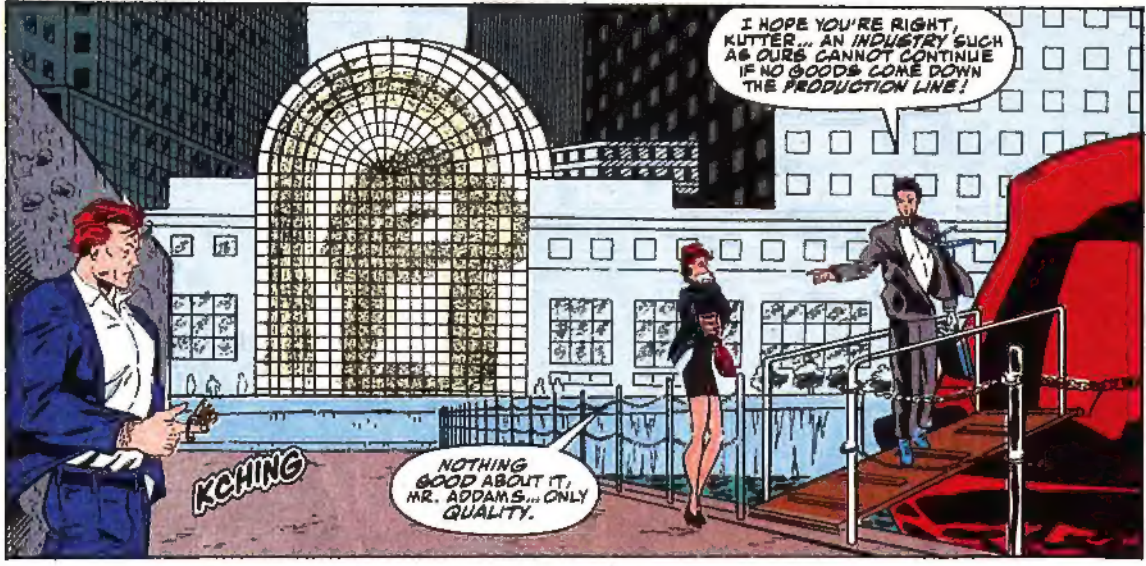


HYPERSENSES SPREAD
OUT AND FOCUS IN,
SEARCHING OUT ANOTHER
INSTANCE OF THAT FOUL
SCENT.



SOMETHING CRUSHED
BENEATH A WORKTABLE
I SEE AS A CRUDE SILK
NOUETTE, ECHOING BACK
FROM THE RAPID THAT
SPEAKS TO MY MIND'S EYE.

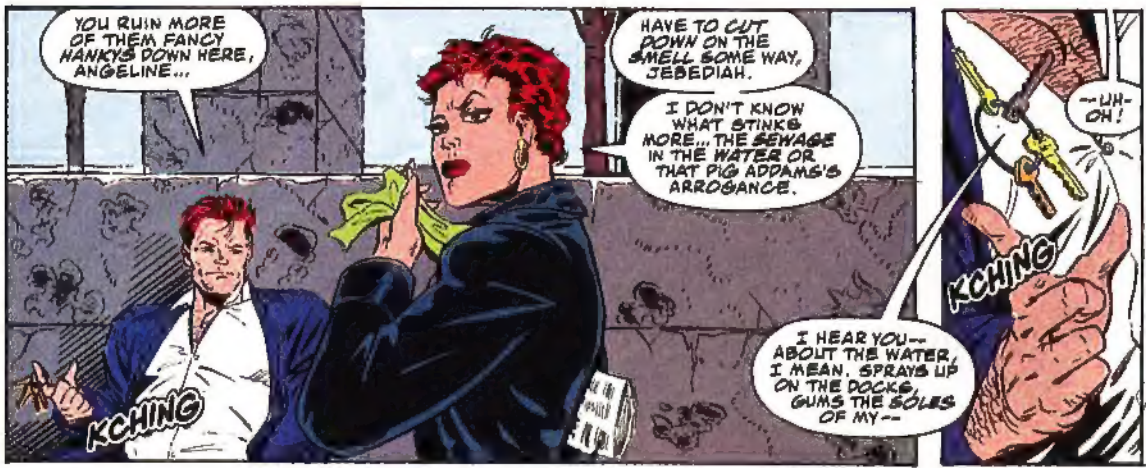




I HOPE YOU'RE RIGHT, KUTTER... AN INDUSTRY SUCH AS OURS CANNOT CONTINUE IF NO GOODS COME DOWN THE PRODUCTION LINE!

KCHING

NOTHING GOOD ABOUT IT, MR. ADDAMS... ONLY QUALITY.



YOU RUIN MORE OF THEM FANCY HANKYS DOWN HERE, ANGELINE...

HAVE TO CUT DOWN ON THE SMELL SOME WAY, JEBEDIAH.

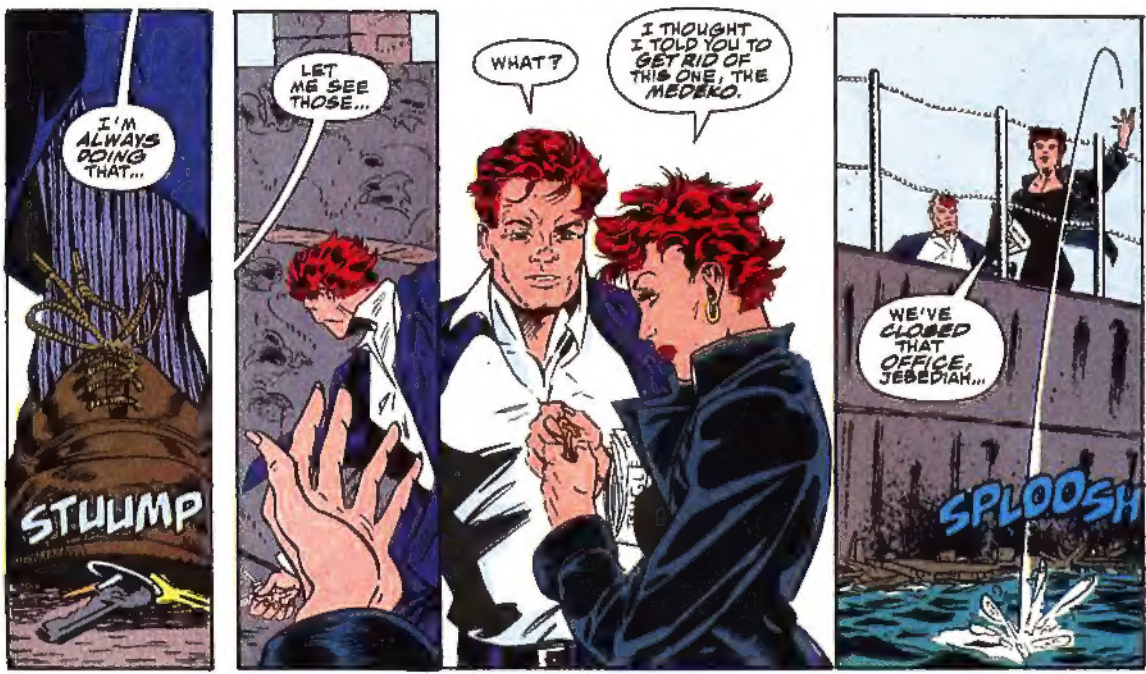
I DON'T KNOW WHAT STINKS MORE... THE SEWAGE IN THE WATER OR THAT PIG ADDAMS'S ARROGANCE.

I HEAR YOU-- ABOUT THE WATER, I MEAN. SPRAYS UP ON THE DOCKS GUNS THE SOLES OF MY--



--UH-- OH!

KCHING



I'M ALWAYS DOING THAT...

LET ME SEE THOSE...

WHAT?

I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO GET RID OF THIS ONE, THE MEDOKO.

WE'VE CLOSED THAT OFFICE, JEBEDIAH...

STUUMP

SPLOOSH

FOGGY AND I GOT A GOOD DEAL SNAGGING SPACE AT MANHATTAN'S WORLDWIDE PLAZA--

I'M WORKING A BURGLARY CASE, AND FOR MY CLIENT'S DEFENSE, I NEED VERIFICATION OF ONE OF MEDEKO'S KEY CODES...

...YOU CAN SEND IT THROUGH? THAT'D BE TERRIFIC!

--A PRESTIGIOUS ADDRESS FOR THE LETTERHEAD OF TWO HOTSHOT LAWYERS ON THE COMEBACK TRAIL.

IT CARRIES SOME CLOUT...

...A SMOOTH LINE HONED ON COUNTLESS JURIES DOES THE REST.

I HAVE THE NUMBER RIGHT HERE...

"MATTHEW MURDOCK, THAT'S RIGHT... OF NELSON AND MURDOCK..."

PADS OF MY FINGERS "READ" THE IMPRESSIONS OF GRAPHITE ON THE RUBBING, REVERSED OFF SPIDER-MAN'S MAKESHIFT MOLD.

FAX TECHNOLOGY DOES THE REST.

SQUEEEE

AMONG SECOND STORY MEN, THE SECURITY CONSCIOUS MEDEKO IS A COMPANY INFAMOUS FOR LOCKS AS CLOSE AS THEY GET TO UNBREAKABLE--

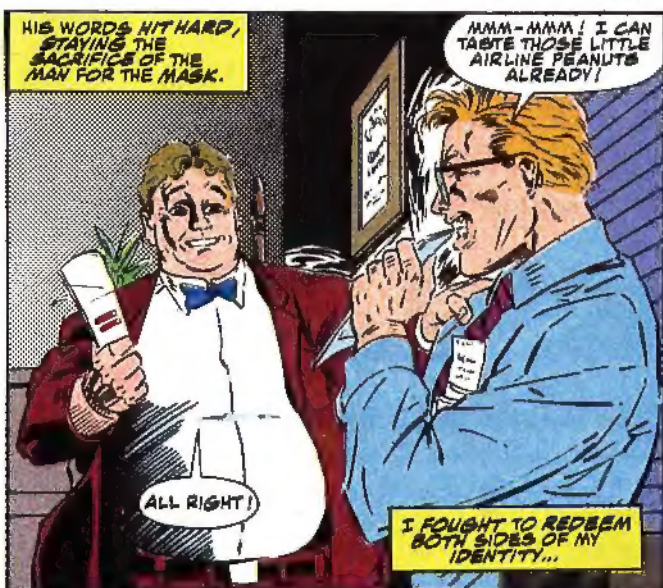
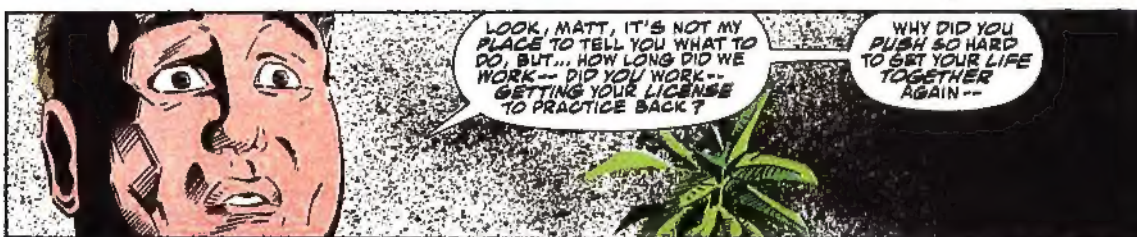
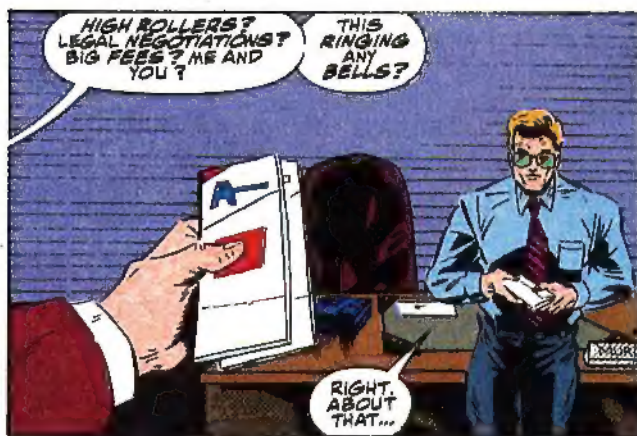
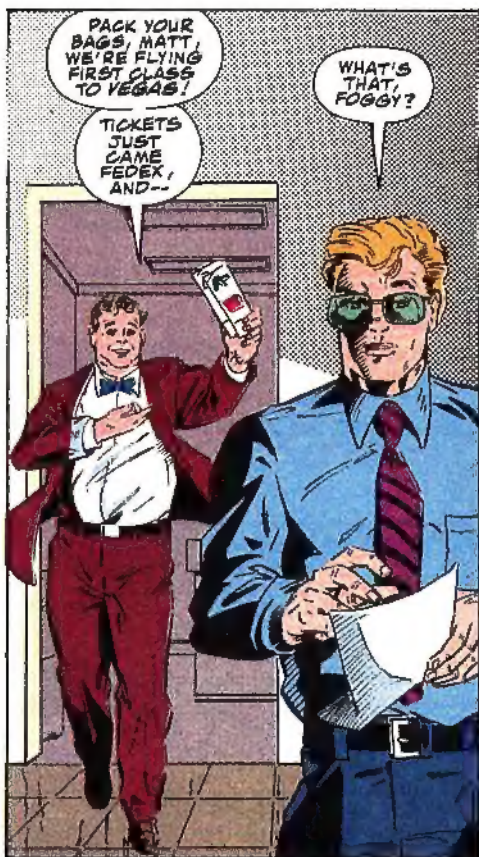
READY...

--AND KEYS KEPT REGISTERED IN A MASSIVE DATABASE, EACH WITH A UNIQUE SERIAL NUMBER FOR TRACKING ILLIGIT DUPLICATION.

HELPS IN TRACKING DOWN SERIAL ATTACKERS, TOO.

ANGELINE KUTTER, WORLD FINANCIAL CENTER, "MEDICAL SUPPLIES"--ARROGANT PIECE OF WORK, AREN'T YOU?

Registration Information
Serial Number: 090213
Location: World Financial C
Business: Medical Supplies



THE WALLCRAWLER DOES HIS THING, CONFIRMING THAT KUTTER'S NOBODY'S FOOL--

[AVON] CALLING!

--COVERING HER SHAPELY BACKSIDE AS SHE HAS AT EVERY TURN.

[ANYBODY HOME?]

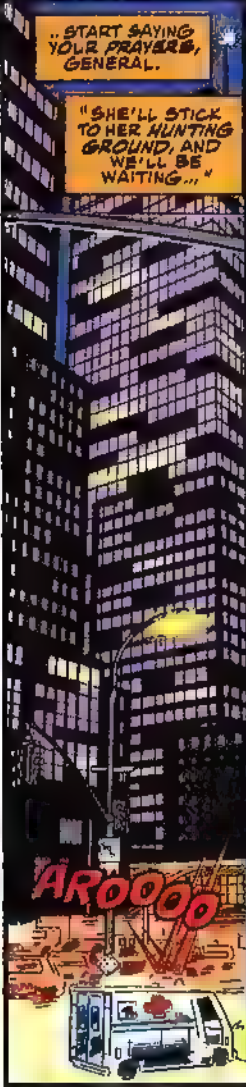
THE LADY OF THE HOUSE APPEARS TO HAVE STEPPED OUT. YOUR CALL, RED.

THAT SEWAGE STINK OFF THE NORTH GOVE YACHT HARBOR? SAME AS BACK IN THE 1970S. SHE'S SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN THIS AREA. SHE'S COMFORTABLE HERE.

SURGEON GENERAL'S GOT A QUOTA TO MEET, SPIDEY. FASTEST WAY FOR HER TO MEET THAT BLACK MAGIC NUMBER IS BY STICKING TO WHAT'S FAMILIAR.

2
World Trade Center
THE PORT AUTHORITY OF NY&NJ
Observation Deck
107th Floor

IN THE PRE-7 AM CONCRETE CANYONS AT THE SOUTHERN TIP OF MANHATTAN ISLAND, DANCING PATTERNS OF LIGHT FLIT ACROSS MY SHOULDERS, LIGHT-DARK HOT-COLD, CATHEDRAL-LIKE...

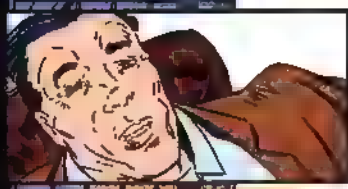


"START SAYING YOUR PRAYERS, GENERAL."

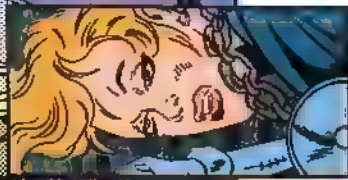
"SHE'LL STICK TO HER HUNTING GROUND, AND WE'LL BE WAITING..."

"THANK GOD YOU GOT HERE SO FAST! ALL THOSE AWFUL NEWS STORIES ABOUT RESPONSE TIMES, AND YOU START TO WORRY..."

"JUST TELL US WHAT YOU KNOW, MR. CESTONE."



"IT'S TERRIBLE-- JUST TERRIBLE!"



"THEY'RE OUR REGULARS, YOU KNOW-- LATE WORKERS, WELL AFTER OFFICE HOURS, CATCHING A BITE BEFORE--"



"SOME OF THEM STARTED LOOKING A BIT PALE, BUT I SIMPLY THOUGHT WHAT WITH THE TANNING SALON CLOSED AND ALL--"

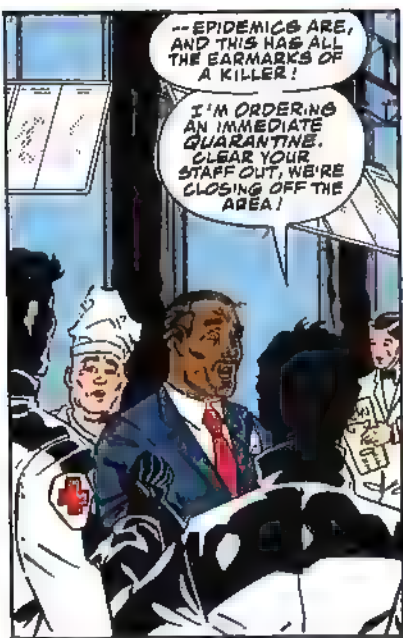


"AND THEN WHEN THEY STARTED CALLING FOR HELP... AND COLLAPSING OVER..."



"WE RUN A FIRST CLASS KITCHEN, YOU KNOW, NO ONE CAN QUESTION OUR HEALTH RECORD-- YOU DON'T THINK THEY'LL SUE, DO YOU?"

"LEGAL MATTERS AREN'T MY STRONG SUIT, MR. CESTONE--"



-- EPIDEMICS ARE, AND THIS HAS ALL THE EARMARKS OF A KILLER!

"I'M ORDERING AN IMMEDIATE QUARANTINE. CLEAR YOUR STAFF OUT, WE'RE CLOSING OFF THE AREA!"



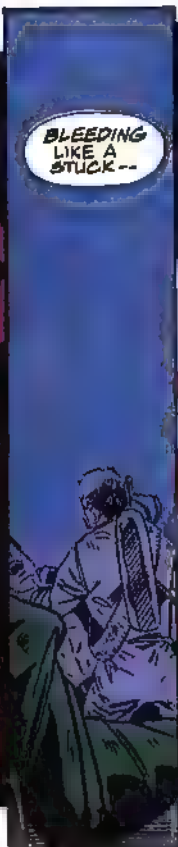
THESE PEOPLE NEED OUR FULL MEDICAL ATTENTION...





CLEAN
INCISIONS--

DON'T LET
THEM FLATLINE
BEFORE YOU'VE
GOT--



BLEEDING
LIKE A
STUCK--



ONE'S STILL
MOVING--



NEED
ANESTHESIA
OVER HERE--



SCREW THE
GAS! LET 'EM
FEEL SOMETHING
NOW! THEY
WON'T BE FEEL-
ING ANYTHING
SOON ENOUGH--



DEAR GOD,
WE'RE TOO
LATE...

GOT ANY
PARTICULAR
STRATEGY IN
MIND?



KUTTER!

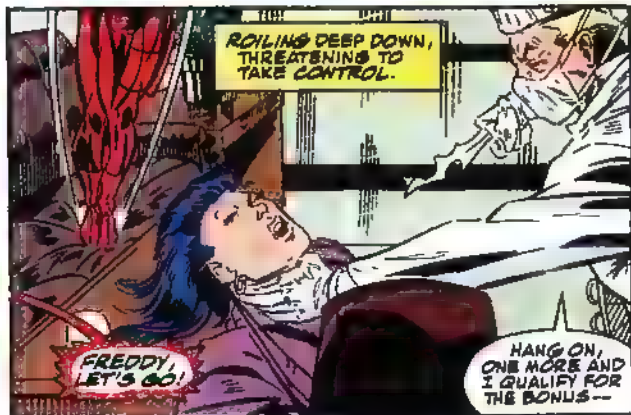
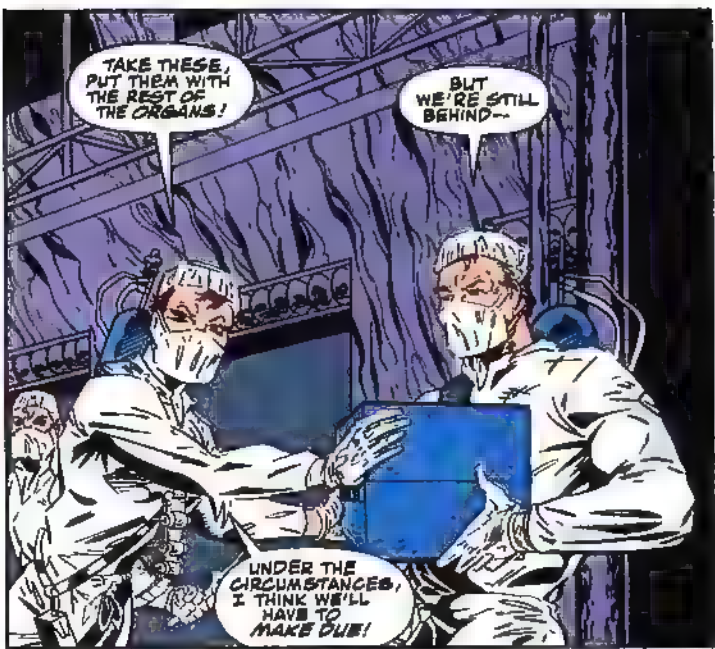
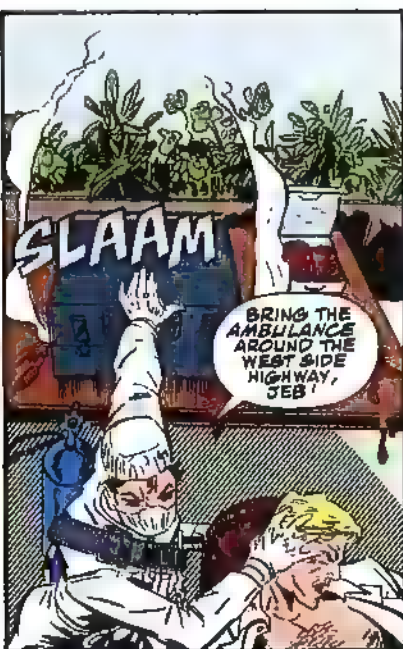


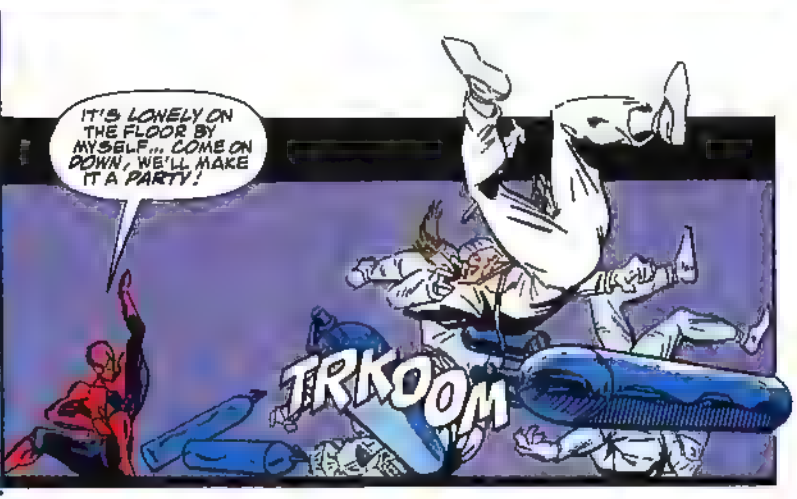
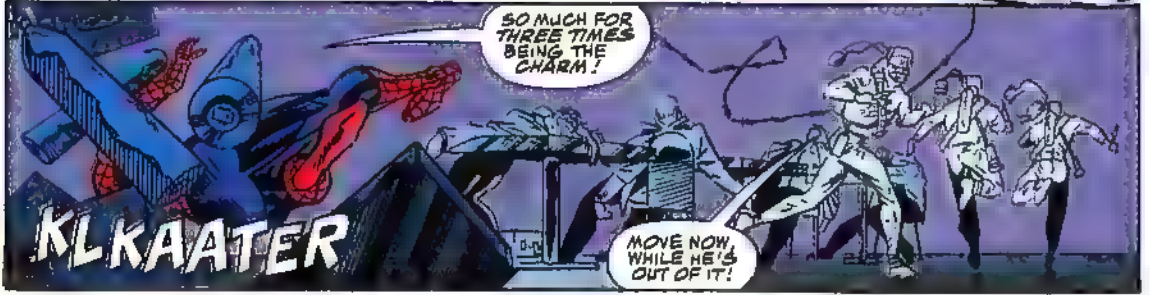
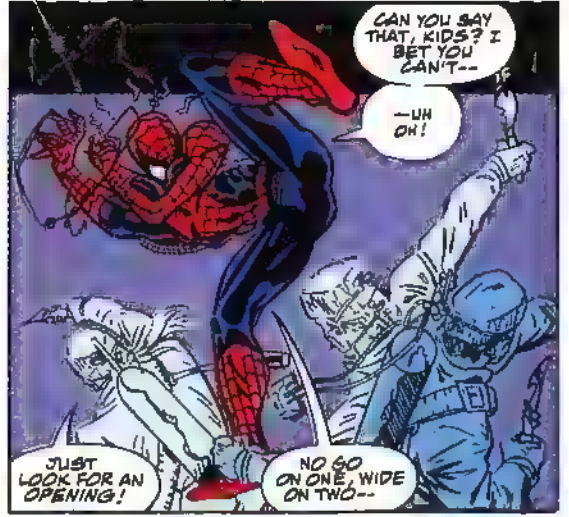
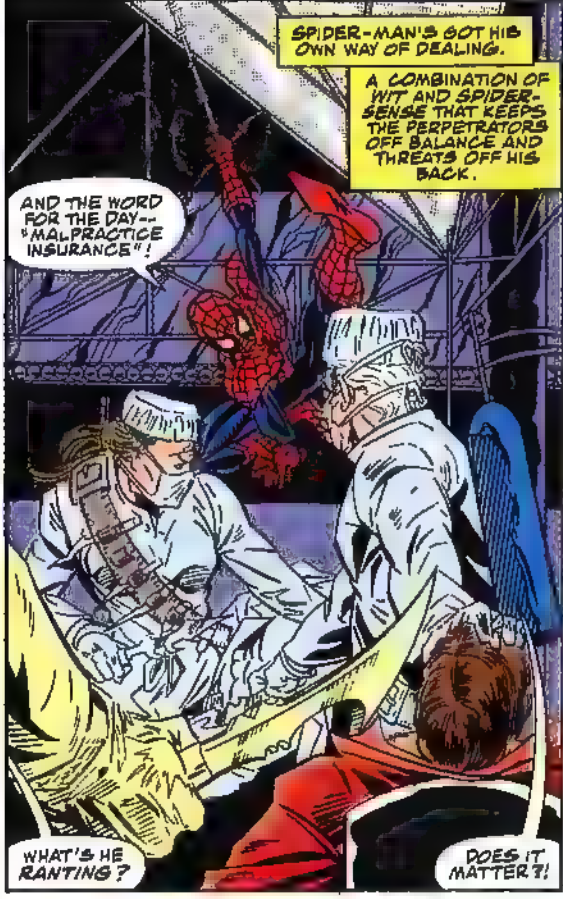
KUTTER!



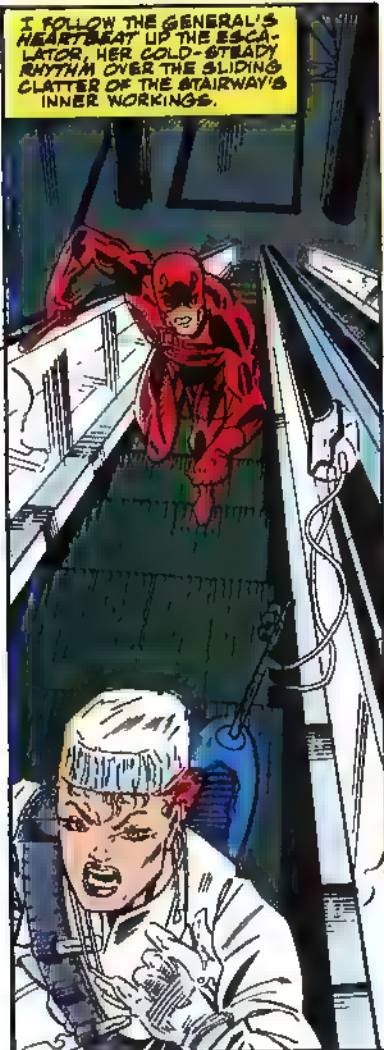
DAREDEVIL!





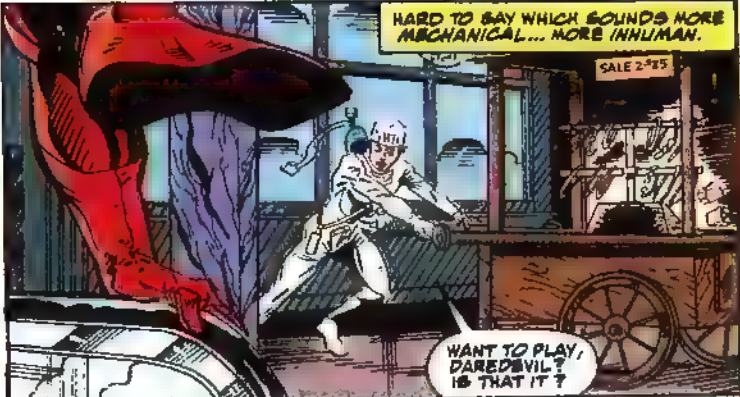


I FOLLOW THE GENERAL'S
HEARTBEAT UP THE ESCA-
LATOR, HER COLD-STEADY
RHYTHM OVER THE SLIDING
CLATTER OF THE STAIRWAY'S
INNER WORKINGS.



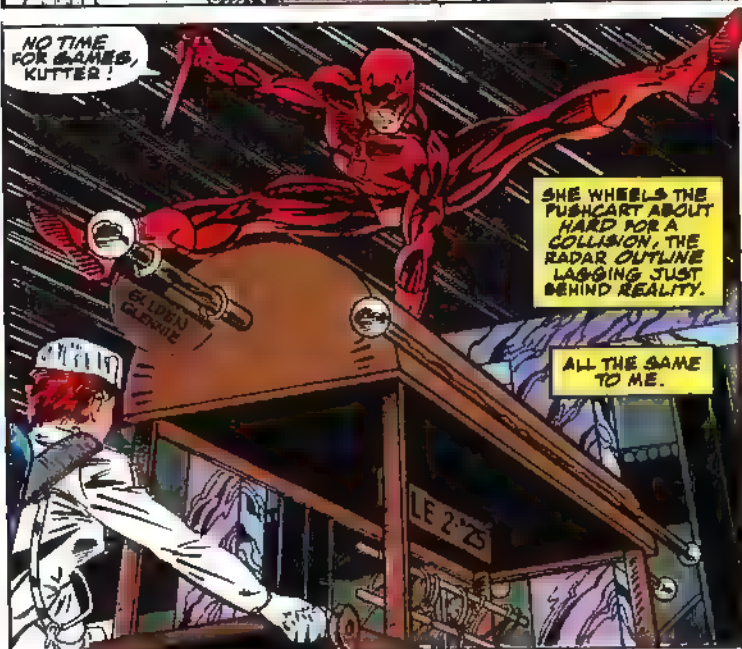
HARD TO SAY WHICH SOUNDS MORE
MECHANICAL... MORE INHUMAN.

SALE 2-25



WANT TO PLAY,
DAREDEVIL?
IS THAT IT?

NO TIME
FOR GAMES,
KUTTER!



SHE WHEELS THE
PUSHCART ABOUT
HARD FOR A
COLLISION, THE
RADAR OUTLINE
LAGGING JUST
BEHIND REALITY.

ALL THE SAME
TO ME.

GOING TO HAVE
TO DO BETTER
THAN THAT!



NO PROBLEM!

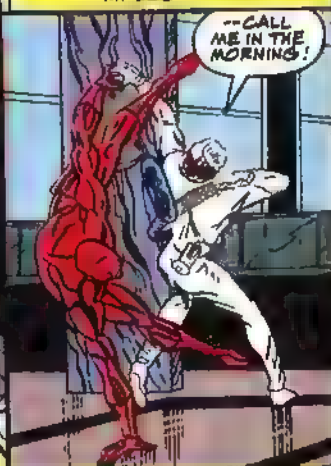
TAKE
TWO
CC'S...



WHITE HOT FLARE OF
THE HYPO SLIPPING
UNDER SKIN, A
BRUTAL DIG DEEP
INTO MUSCLE.

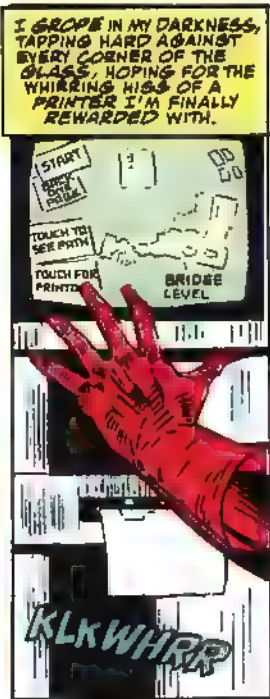
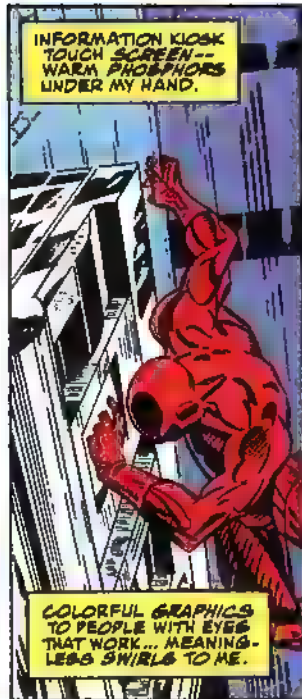
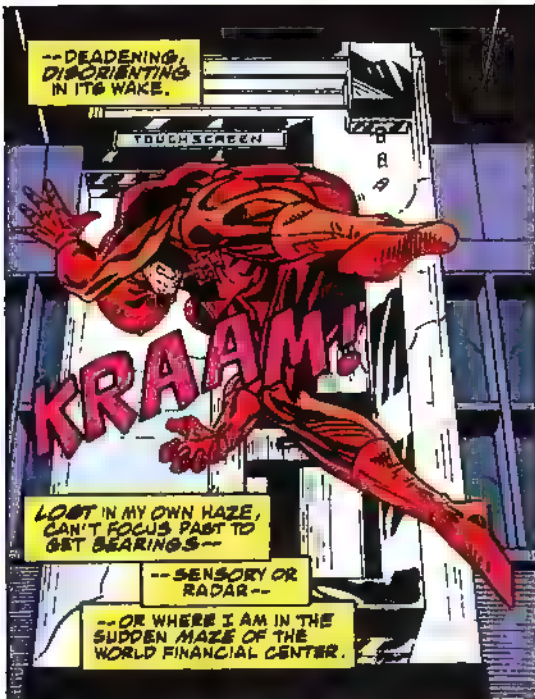
URRG!

EXCESS OF WHATEVER TWISTED
SOLUTION SHE HAD READY
DRIBBLING COLD-WET DOWN
MY LEG--

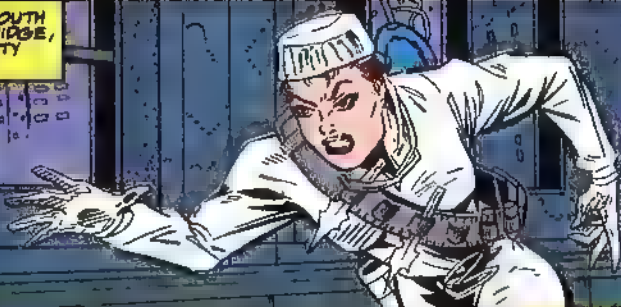


--CALL
ME IN THE
MORNING!

--MOST STILL MIXING WITH
BLOOD TO BE CARRIED
ALONG INSIDE IN A
BURNING RUSH--



ACROSS THE SOUTH
PEDESTRIAN BRIDGE,
TOWARD LIBERTY
STREET.

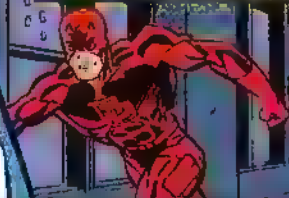


MAKE IT INTO THAT INNER-CITY
LABYRINTH IN THE SHADOW OF
THE TWIN TOWERS AND THE
GENERAL JUST MIGHT MAKE
GOOD HER ESCAPE.

LIKE THE LOTTO
AD SAYS -- "HEY,
YOU NEVER
KNOW!" BUT WITH
A SCUTTLEING
PAD OF FINGERS
AND TOES CLOSING
FROM THE EAST
AND MY SOME-
WHAT MORE
TRADITIONAL
APPROACH FROM
THE REAR--

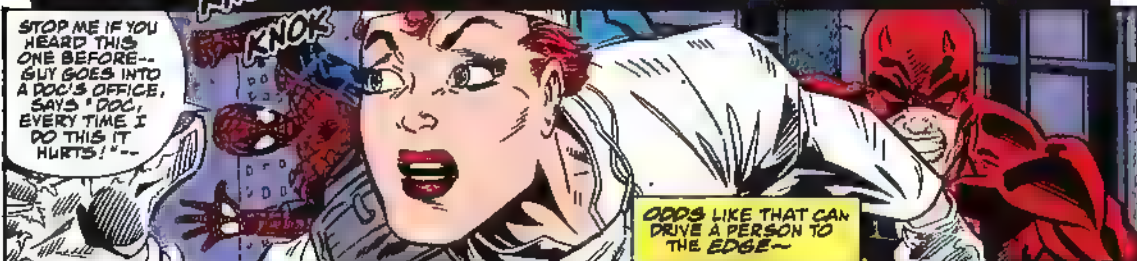


--I'D SAY KUTTER'S CHANCES
ARE THE SAME AS PLAYING THAT
NUMBER GAME. WORSE THAN THE
PROVERBIAL ONE IN A MILLION.

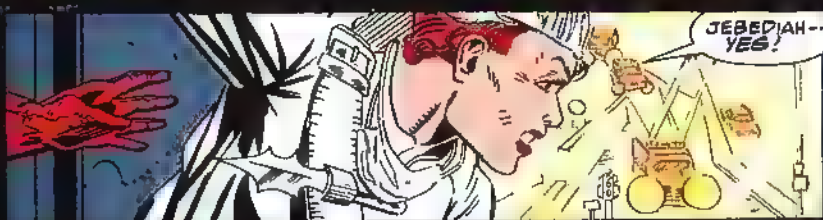


STOP ME IF YOU
HEARD THIS
ONE BEFORE--
GUY GOES INTO
A DOC'S OFFICE,
SAYS "DOC,
EVERY TIME I
DO THIS IT
HURTS!"--

KNOCK
KNOCK



ODDS LIKE THAT CAN
DRIVE A PERSON TO
THE EDGE--



JEBEDIAH--
YES!

--TO TRY ANYTHING
IN AN ALL-OUT
DESPERATE
ATTEMPT TO WIN.



YOU
WANT ME,
RED, YOU
GOT IT!

SPIDER-SENSE WILL TELL
THE ARACHNID SOMETHING'S
WRONG, BUT NOT WHAT.

DO,
WHAT'S--



HYPERSENSES MAKE IT ALL
TOO CLEAR TO ME -- PULL
TOWING KLANG OF KUTTER'S
TANK, NOXIOUS BLAST OF
VOLATILE GASES SET LOOSE,
WHIFF OF OZONE AS METAL
SPARKS METAL.

GET AWAY,
SPIDEY, GET
BACK!

HOPE AND THE HOOK
ON MY BILLY CLUB IS
ALL I'VE GOT



KRAKOOOM!

IT HAS TO BE
ENOUGH.

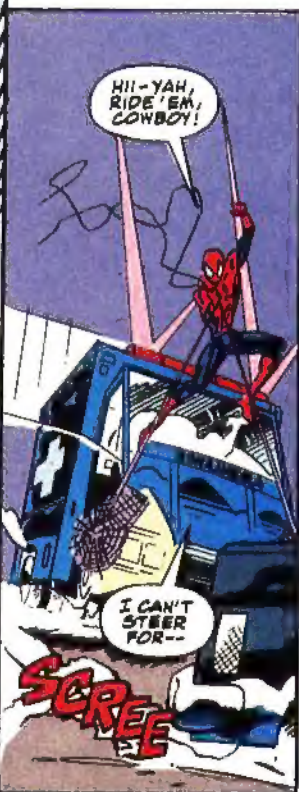


RAGGED BREATHING FROM THE ROOF OF THE AMBULANCE, WINDED REPERCUSSION OF BOTH SPIDEY AND THE GENERAL'S ROUGH RIDE.



FIFTY TO ALMOST ZERO IN A HEARTBEAT, ROLLING ALONG THE HARD GROUND AND SHARP BITS OF LITTER TO BREAK THE FALL.

YOU DON'T NEED ENHANCED SENSES TO EXPERIENCE THAT KIND OF HURT.





ANGER'S FUELED SO MUCH,
BECAUSE OF HER WANTON
DISREGARD FOR
HUMAN LIFE...

...AND MY UTTER
COMMITMENT
TO EACH AND
EVERY ONE.

EVERY ONE.

HOLD STILL.

SHRIIP

SO
COLD...

LET ME.

BOGUS EMS
BOYS ARE GONNA
BE PICKING
WEBBING OUT OF
THEIR TEETH FROM
NOW 'TILL--

--YEESH, WHAT A
MESS! I'VE GOT A
REAL AMBULANCE
ON THE WAY, SO...

TOURNIQUET
WILL HOLD
UNTIL THEN.

Y'KNOW, DD--
AND DON'T TAKE
THIS THE WRONG
WAY, BUT--

--YOUR BAD
GUYS DON'T
PLAY VERY
NICE, DO
THEY?

"JOEY, JAKE, CHECK
THIS HEADLINE..."

